A FOUL OF VILLA'S MEN

by Capt. George B. Rodney

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If you want to spend some of your time adventuring in another land—in the land of Montezuma, Carranza and Villa; if you want to know the conditions of riot and anarchy, of murder and pillage across the Mexican border, then you want to read this red-blooded story that leads up to and concludes with the attack on Columbus, New Mexico, by Villa and the sending of the American army across the line. It is a story of intense interest; of daring adventure and charming romance.

CHAPTER I.

A Really Nice Young Man.

The purring of a disordered motor made Kynaston look up.

He had not heard a motor car since he had come to this particular section of the Mexican border, now a long six months ago.

The work in suppressing gun runners had not differed here from that along other sections of the line.

The days, which seemed to be weeks long, were spent in fruitless patrols along the hillside.

"Sir!"

Kynaston looked up wearily. He had ridden forty miles that day on the strength of an order from headquarters that told him to investigate a report that American citizens were shipping arms across the border to Villa by means of an aeroplane. The fact that it was obviously ridiculous meant nothing. An order was an order, and he was beginning to be very tired of the forced inaction.

Across the border he could see from time to time, from the vantage ground of his camp, bodies of the Villista cavalry riding the line, prepared to welcome any gun runner who should smuggle arms across to them.

He well knew that arms were being smuggled across, and that every federal officer knew it, too; but that the matter was one that could not be controlled except by martial law.

"Sir!" said the sergeant again.

"Well, sergeant, what is it?"

"There's a machine broke down up the road a bit and there's no one in it but a couple of ladies. I seen it come down the hill over the San Pedro an hour ago an' then a little while ago I seen a man ride back on a pony. I don't know what's up—"

Rising wearily, Kynaston picked up his revolver and made his way along the rock-strewn path from his camp to the little trail that led due north to "God's country," or due south to revolution and anarchy—whichever way the traveler was inclined.

Four hundred yards away from his picket line, where the horses stamped fretfully, he saw the machine, its engine chugging away like the engine of a tethered torpedo boat. By the machine there knelt in the red New Mexico dust a gray-coated girl whose golden hair, escaped from its veil, caught the direct rays of the sun and radiated them like gold.

She did not hear his approach. It was not till he said quietly, "Can I be of any service to you?" that she sprang to her feet facing him.

"I'm Lieutenant Kynaston, in charge of the local border patrol," continued the young man. "Your mishap was reported to me, and I came down at once to see if I could help you."

"Yes, if you have such a thing as an automobile doctor in your camp," the girl replied whimsically. "I was about to give up in disgust and come to your camp for aid."

"What seems to be the matter?" asked Kynaston, stooping and looking under the machine with an interest that was none the less by reasons of his exhaustive ignorance of the machine. "If it has colic or just a ring-bone forming I can possibly assist you. If it is anything more serious I doubt my ability—"

"The chauffeur says it is a stripped gear. I sent him back on a hired pony to telegraph for another to be sent to Tia Juana. Heaven knows how I'll get there—I am Miss Upton. I want you to know Mrs. Fane."

The girl indicated a tall woman with dark eyes sparkling from behind a pink veil, who was leaning over the side of the tonneau. Kynaston bowed and received a charming smile.

"Mrs. Fane," continued the girl, "is to spend a few weeks with me at my father's mine—maybe you have heard of Daniel Upton, who owns the Santa Cruz mine, a few miles to the south?"

Miss Upton waved her hand in the direction of Mexico.

"I should think I have heard of it! We have had twenty complaints from the mine of the depredations on it by the revolutionists. That's why we're here—that, and patrolling the border for gun runners."

Miss Upton laughed deliciously.

"I wish you patrolled by motor instead of on horseback," she said, "for then you'd have a mechanic and not a farrier in your camp. As it is I don't suppose any of your men know about automobiles?"

She looked her question. Kynaston found himself hoping that she would ask many more questions if she would only accompany each one with such a look.

"I'm sorry to say," he responded gallantly, "that there isn't one of them who would know a clutch from a spark plug. But if you will come to the camp we can at least give you some tea and a better place to rest than this hot road, and I can send a messenger who is more reliable than your man; at least one who knows the country better."

The two women, shaking the dust from their clothes, joined him. They walked slowly back to the hot little camp in the canyon at the base of the hills, where the cavalrymen were gathered in a frankly curious group, looking with unmistakable admiration at the two women as they passed to the little spot of shade afforded by the single tent fly in front of Kynaston's tent.

A deft cook, summoned by a hot trumpeter, produced some tea and crackers, and Kynaston, apologizing for the tin cups, settled his visitors as comfortably as he could.

"I wonder what father will say," mused Miss Upton.

Kynaston, gazing in frank admiration at the girl's shimmering, golden hair, her violet eyes, matchless com-

Kynaston With a Hasty "Excuse Me Please" Opened It.

plexion, and perfect, full-bosomed figure, wondered vaguely if there were anything a man could not pardon such a woman.

It was Mrs. Fane who brought him back to earth.

"My dear Mr. Kynaston, what in the world do you find to do here?" she asked. "I have often heard of the monotony of the frontier life of the army, but I have never seen a soldier before, and I see now that all tales I have heard were outrageous exaggerations. No? Diminutions, then. Why don't you die?"

"People don't die in New Mexico; they dry up and blow away," said Kynaston, grinning. "Oh, it isn't so bad. One has his work, and after all, when a man has his work it doesn't matter whether he does it in Washington or Tibet—so long as he does it as well as he can— What is it now, sergeant?"

A khaki-clad cavalryman who was standing at attention saluted punctiliously.

"Sir, a courier has come in with this note for the lieutenant."

He handed over a grimy paper. Kynaston, with a hasty, "Excuse me, please," opened it. He looked up quickly, a light in his eyes that Miss Upton noted with approval.

"Have Corporal Welsh and ten men saddle up at once. No sabers; just rifles, canteens, and a day's rations cooked in the saddle bags."

"Yes, sir."

The sergeant hung on his heel, obviously with something unsaid. Kynaston grinned knowingly.

"Yes, you may go, too," he said. The soldier saluted again and departed. Miss Upton turned to Kynaston with:

"I know. You have received some word that calls you out along the line. Isn't that it? And the sergeant wanted to go; why?"

"Every time we get an alarm of any kind each and every man wants to go along, because he thinks each scare may turn out to be a fight, and he wants to be in it."

"I wouldn't give much for a man who didn't," commented Mrs. Fane.

"So you see I must leave you," said Kynaston. "I have told the sergeant that I want an extra tent put up so that you and Mrs. Fane can have a comfortable place to sleep until your messenger returns. Send my horse up at once, trumpeter." And Kynaston, with a last long look at the beautiful picture that Miss Upton presented as she stood in the shadow of the tent fly, went out to inspect the formation of his detachment.

It had happened so often that it had become a habit—that receiving reports that called for the despatching of a detachment at once to investigate some utterly baseless rumor. Fifty miles east and west ran the line, which was set off at every mile by great rectangular monuments of stone or metal standing grim and gray against the hill rims, each monument marked on the north side with the arms of Mexico, and on the opposite face with the arms of the United States—mute warning that thus far and no farther could rebellion and anarchy be tolerated.

And the warning that those monuments gave was backed up, not by the serried ranks of untold thousands, but by thirty young cavalrymen. Just now the little squad of line riders were lolling in the shade of their tents where they watched Corporal Welsh as he superintended the saddling—a painstaking job indeed, for to a cavalryman the slightest wrinkle in a saddle blanket is a serious matter, as it may well put him afoot with a lame horse in the course of a day's march.

Kynaston mounted and, leaving his little squad to move slowly out along the rocky trail, rode quickly back to the tent where the two women sat. Here he swung out of saddle and, tossing his reins to the trumpeter, called out cheerily enough:

"I say, Miss Upton, I hope I will find you and Mrs. Fane here when I return. It has just occurred to me that I ought to give you the warning that is contained in the note I received.

"It will not be safe for you to cross the line here inside of the next twenty-four hours. You know this road leads directly south and connects with the main road to Ojinaga, and there is fighting going on there. It will be extremely unwise for you to leave here, at least until I return. I shall be back by daylight, I think. I can't tell you any more just now. I know Mr. Upton would wish you to act on my advice—"

"Certainly, Mr. Kynaston; we will take your advice and profit by your courtesy until our chauffeur comes back, or until you return. Good luck!"

And Miss Upton waved her white hand cheerily to the youngster as he took the slope at a gallop to join the little squad, which was already well on its way toward the rocky little trail that led eastward to the mesa.

Mrs. Fane watched them till she saw the last man of the little rear-guard pass over the ridge. Then she turned to Dorothy.

"He seems a nice man—a really nice young man," she commented, standing with her hands on her hips, looking down at the younger woman. "I am not at all sure that I have ever seen a better looking man in years." She eyed Dorothy speculatively. "And he'd make a mighty good match for a young girl like you," she concluded.

"You speak like Methuselah," laughed Dorothy. "Teach me out of the book of your experience."

"My dear," laughed Mrs. Fane, "do you know that a widow of twenty-five is as old—"

"As she wants to be? Yes, just that; and not a day older."

"Do you want him, Dorothy? If you do I will keep my hands off; but I think if you do not that I shall take advantage of the open game laws of this state."

Fearing lest she should betray a touch of jealousy, Dorothy hastily turned the subject. "Oh, for sleep!" she yawned. "I'm going to lie down until the car is repaired. I wonder when we can expect that good-for-nothing chauffeur back with that gear?"

She passed into the tent, where she stood for a moment looking at the crude efforts that Kynaston had made during his month of occupancy to make himself comfortable. Dorothy gave the place a deft touch or two which seemed to transform it; then, with a little sigh of utter content, she threw herself down upon the narrow canvas cot, pulled the mosquito bar over her pretty head to keep away the ubiquitous New Mexico flies, which stick closer than a brother, and passed away into dreamland.

Drawing her pink veil about her face, Mrs. Fane settled herself at full length in the long canvas reclining chair which Kynaston had placed beneath a Chinaberry tree near his tent. In a few minutes the little camp lay quiet under the stars.

Ordinarily, Kynaston would have welcomed a message that took him from his camp. Anything was a relief that broke the monotony of the long day when the only variation was the shifting of the long shadows from west to east.

The love element already—which girl will find a place in Lieutenant Kynaston's heart, the lovely, beautiful Mrs. Fane or dainty, sympathetic little Dorothy?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Optimistic Thought.

Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor.

FRENCH USE MONSTER AMERICAN RIFLE

One of the great guns now being used by the French on the Somme front. This gigantic rifle is mounted on a specially constructed gun caisson, which rests on steel trucks and is easily moved from point to point. The gun is one of the many made in America and shipped to Europe for use against the Teuton powers.

USE NO BANDAGES IN NEW SURGERY

Latest Method of Healing Obstinate Wounds Proves Great Success.

ARE SPRAYED WITH OZONE

Stream of Gaseous Substance Flows Into Deepest Recesses, Killing All Microbes—Horrors of Dressing Wounds Eliminated.

London.—Bandages are eliminated in the latest methods of healing obstinate wounds here. This is one of the marvelous developments of surgery to which the war has given impetus.

One of the horrors of hospitals is dressing wounds. Strong, brave men scream involuntarily with pain every day when the bandages are removed and the wounds treated.

At Queen Alexandra's military hospital today several patients were exhibited undergoing the new treatment. Two of these men were most severely wounded in September, of last year, and for ten months had been treated in the customary way without any sign of healing. On August 2 they were brought to this hospital, the bandages were flung away, the wounds were subjected to repeated applications of a stream of ozone, being lightly covered with a loose layer of lint in the intervals, and in four days healing was in rapid progress.

This treatment is simplicity itself. Oxygen passes from a reservoir into an electrical machine which converts it into ozone; the ozone flows out through a fine metal tube. The machine is wheeled close to the patient's bed, the wound uncovered, and a stream of the microbe-killing ozone flows into the deepest recesses. No painful dragging off of bandages, no rebandaging of the limb to hurt and exhaust the patient.

New Treatment a Success.

Here was seen a soldier who had lost his right foot, with a stump covered with skin so healthy and hard that he could walk upon it, a surgical marvel.

What might be called the open-air treatment of wounds has come to stay. At the Herbert hospital is a soldier with a bad compound fracture of the leg. The limb is not swathed in many yards of bandages as was the custom, but lies between sandbags to secure immobility and is covered only with a single layer of lint. The lint is kept constantly wet with peroxide of hydrogen. Surrounding the leg is a large cage covered with a sheet of thin butter muslin, so that the wound is continually refreshed by a free current of air. Extremely rapid healing and freedom from the agony of manipulation are the great gains from this mode of treatment.

The whirlpool bath is entirely a war invention, from which excellent results in cases of stiff joints have been obtained in France. It consists of a small oblong bath, filled with water which is kept in continuous movement by a miniature propeller revolved at a very high speed by means of an electric motor. A stiff arm or leg, hand or foot, placed in the bath and kept there for some time is much improved by the stimulus of the running water.

Marvelous examples of bone carpentry are to be seen, such as the transference of a large piece of bone from the leg to fill a gap in the arm bone or jaw.

Trench foot is being more or less successfully treated by massage, operation, and other methods.

After the Surgeon the Masseur.

All sorts of joint injuries go to Hammersmith hospital, and there, as well as at other hospitals, is to be seen a collection of ingenious exercises for restoring mobility. When the surgeon has done all that he can the patient goes to the masseurs and the exercisers. If his wrist is stiff he twists a bar with graduated resistance; if he cannot fully close his hand he grasps a thick bar and turns it, passing on to thinner and thinner bars as the hand improves; the patient with a stiff knee is put to exercise on a stationary bicycle; others, according to the nature and situation of the defect, practice rowing, climbing ladders, pulling on weighted ropes; and with these curative exercises is combined massage, with electric treatment, and other remedies.

In the laboratories of the Royal Army medical college vaccines are made to secure the men against typhoid fever, which used to be more fatal in war than the bayonet and the bullet combined; paratyphoid fever, so rare formerly, so common now in France; the cholera of Saloniki and Egypt; and pneumonia, one of the soldier's worst trench enemies in cold weather.

About ten million doses of these vaccines have been sent out from Millwall since the war began. Among them is a most valuable mixed vaccine which gives protection from both typhoid and the two forms of paratyphoid fever. This has been in use since January last. Quite new, since the war began, are the measures taken for discovering whether anyone who comes in contact with soldiers is carrying the infection of spotted fever at the back of his nose, for, although himself quite free from the disease, such a carrier might create an epidemic in a camp.

CROCODILES FOE, AFTER GERMANS

Irish Aviator, Shot Down in Africa, Tells of Remarkable Adventures.

THREE DAYS IN THE JUNGLE

Escapes From a Lion by Climbing a Tree—Three of His Ribs Broken When Machine Is Brought Down.

London.—Tales of adventure from the jungles of South Africa, where General Smuts is operating against the Germans, are not uncommon, but it is seldom that the wild events encountered by Capt. A. T. O'Brien of the Royal Flying corps, told here, have been equaled.

The details of his adventures were contained in a letter from his wife to relatives in England and have just become public. It is probable that O'Brien will be decorated for his services to the British government and in recognition of his hardiness in surviving an ordeal that would have meant death to the average soldier.

He reported to General Smuts last April far down in German Africa below Konnoa Irangi. His work as an aerial scout ahead of the British troops operating against the Germans won him fame. Flying over the jungles and tangled brush country during the rainy season is difficult. When an army of vigilant enemies is added, the task becomes more than dangerous. The intrepid Irishman finally engaged on the losing side of an argument with enemy anti-aircraft guns.

His Machine Brought Down.

He was flying over jungle country when German guns located him. One of his wings collapsed and the machine side slipped into the trees, which partially broke the fall, then crashed to the ground. Had it not been for the trees both driver and machine would have been smashed to bits. As it was, three of O'Brien's ribs were crushed and for several hours he lay in a swamp unconscious.

Slowly he recovered his senses and took an inventory of his injuries. He could walk without difficulty, but when he swung his arms, the broken ribs hurt cruelly. Holding his arms tight to his sides, he scouted through the neighboring jungles, where he discovered unmistakable signs of the enemy. Later, he heard a column of infantry approaching, and fearing capture he set fire to the aeroplane and dashed off through the underbrush.

Hour after hour he maintained a fast pace with the pain in his side increasing with every step. When night fell he crawled high into a vine-covered tree. Sound sleep was impossible, but at intervals between fighting insects and making way for jungle creepers he managed to rest and in a rough way bandage up his injured side.

With dawn he started out again, and before noon had forded two rivers and swam a third. Toward nightfall of the second day he came to a river of considerable width, with a swift current and signs of crocodiles. By this time his hunger and thirst were beginning to sap his strength, but without thought of his condition or the danger he faced, he plunged into the muddy water.

At the first splash a score of huge "crocs" on a point of land down stream made for him. There followed a race between the maneaters and the quarry that nearly ended disastrously for the Irishman. The last few yards were heartbreaking, for as he glanced back over his shoulder he could see the yawning mouths and ridges of jagged teeth straining to reach him. As he scrambled up the muddy bank he heard a dozen vicious snaps.

Almost exhausted, he trudged through the tangled brush near the river. Gaining a point on some higher ground, he looked back at the scene of his escape. To his horror, he saw the shaggy mane of a lion, which was coming toward him with nose glued to his trail. The nearest place of safety was a tall tree, which he climbed, monkey fashion. The king of the forest nosed about the tree for some time, whining in disappointment over his lost meal, but eventually he went his way.

By this time O'Brien was well-nigh exhausted. His clothes were torn and his flesh lacerated by the brush. The pain of his wounds produced a high fever, and the brackish water which he was forced to drink made him ill. All night long he staggered on, but he remembers little after sundown of the second day.

Toward noon of the third day after his disappearance a sentry far out ahead of the British lines saw a movement in the brush and thought an animal had strayed near. He raised his gun to fire, when a human hand was raised above a cluster of brush. Amazed, the sentry went forward, and there found O'Brien half crazed with thirst, soaked with mud and covered with blood from scores of slight cuts.

His wife, to whom he had been married but a few weeks before he left for South Africa, had left England to join him before he was reported missing. When he recovered from the fever and opened his eyes for his first conscious look at his surroundings his wife was sitting by his side, having arrived in the meantime, and nursed him through the critical illness.

ONE BEETLE A GAS FIGHTER

It Seems Nature Discovered Value of Poison Fumes in War Before the Soldiers in Europe Did.

London.—The discovery of poisonous gas seems to have been anticipated in nature's laboratory. A little British beetle has been employing poison gas to defend itself for untold ages. One of the strongholds of the Bombardier beetle (Brachinus crepitans) is along the shores of the Thames in the Gravesend district. Here it finds a home under the flat stones that are scattered by the river's bank.

The Bombardier beetle is very liable to be attacked by some of the fierce ground beetles, or Carabidae, as they are properly called. As soon as the pursuer draws close a very remarkable thing happens. First of all the Bombardier beetle ejects a peculiar liquid which, when it comes into contact with the atmosphere "bursts into a sort of a pale blue-green flame, followed by a kind of smoke."

This is seen to have an astonishing effect upon the pursuing beetle. Instantly it seems to be overwhelmed and quite stupefied by the suddenness of the attack. The smoke appears to have a blinding and suffocating tendency, and the effect lasts for a minute or so. During this time the Bombardier beetle is able to make good its escape.

Alabama ranks first among the southern states as a producer of minerals.